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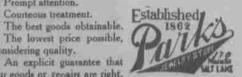
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By A. W. C.

Chill desolation covers all the links; The putting greens are buried deep in snow; The club-house, cold and shuttered, Gives but echoes to the muttered Imprecations of the goifer and his woe,

The course is but a dreary waste of white; The bunkers are but mounds beneath the time; The pits are filled with slushy, Nasty, dripping, oozy, mushy, Pneumonia-germ-infested, icy slime.

The wind is howling dirges from the north; The snow lies heaped in ridges on the tees; One lone, carmine-tinted gutty, Battered by a golfer nutty, Is glinting, long-forgotien, near the trees,

Still falls the snow, the world is at its gloomleut:

Sweater-covered golfers have ceased plodding through the drift,

Beyond resurrection, the course is at its roomlest:

There's no joy on earth or Heaven, in the clouds there is no rift.

That is, there wasn't up to Wednesday. Who told Hon. Charlie Fairbanks to take up golf, anyy ay ?

The championship finals were postponed last week until tomorrow. Frank McGurrin was at the club house at four o'clock the morning the game was scheduled to take place; at least, Hugo said, when the other contestant appeared at 9 o'clock, that Ma- vas out gum-shoeing. He was. He came in pretty soon, looking like Saskatchewan Pete, a symphony of patriotic colors, red nose, white pantles, blue lips. As his friend, the enemy, looked the same, thank you, by this time, the suggestion to postpone the game until the weather was not quite so impetuous was received with cheers.

But seriously speaking, it was the right thing to do. A club championship is more or less of a family show affair, and it was no more than just to those who desire to see the match to defer it until J. Pluvius, Hon. Mr. Boreas and the other sports got through, and the game could be played under conditions that would permit of half way decent golf. Nor was it fair to ask one man who of necessity wears glasses, to play in a storm that rendered accurate vision impossible. No man wants either to win or lose a match under such unfair conditions, and for this reason I do not think those who have criticised the postponement after the date had once been set are

The semi-finals for the Directors' handlcap cup last Saturday were rather surprising. Wicks tried to play wearing a heavy sweater and gloves, and made an awful mess of it, Fred Hale winning nine holes straight. Jack Taylor lost his match by bad iron play and on the greens, where usually he is very accurate. The finals, at 18 holes, will be played today, unless another snowstorm sneaks one over, and as Hale has a handicap of 8 strokes, he should win providing he plays the game he is capable of putting up.

And in all that rain and snow and hurricane last Sunday nearly a dozen scrambled around the course, including one brave little woman.

Golfers to right of us, Golfers to left of us, Golfers in front of us-No, it wasn't golf, but it was fun. Foozled and blundered-

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